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## To You Who Walk and Talk

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# To You Who Walk and Talk

By John Garberson, '37

I TURN my aching head and see, out there,  
How beautiful a day it is for them . . .  
Those men and women, boys and girls who dare  
Waste time as though it weren't a priceless gem.  
Oh, what a sum I'd give to have the health,  
The faculties for life that they confess.  
I'd gladly part with any other wealth  
That, lying here in bed, I might possess.  
For two long years the Doc and nurse have claimed  
That any day I might get out of bed.  
(You see, I wasn't killed or cut or maimed . . .  
Just "partly paralyzed," the Doctor said.)  
But shucks, that's awfully dull to you who walk  
And dance and swim and skate and play and talk.

I know that I can't move my legs and arms . . .  
For many months I've been in bed this way,  
And never stand much chance of roaming farms  
Or picnicking, or walking home, someday.  
I know that folks come in to visit me  
And often have to leave because it's sad.  
(I've seen them softly turn and say, you see,  
"Too bad," or ". . . and he was such a strong young lad!")  
But I don't know that it's so bad in here  
Where one can lie and sleep or think at will.  
Outside, there's strife and crime and war and fear;  
In here there's pain, but not the kind to fill  
The lives of men with things so hard to bear  
That they must be exceptions to be square.